

## RATES FOR WANT ADS.

Ads in this column will be inserted

Per line, one insertion ...15c  
 Per line, two insertions ...25c  
 Per line, one week .....30c  
 Per line, two weeks .....40c  
 Per line, one month .....60c

This is the cheapest advertising ever offered the people of Honolulu.

## EVERYDAY WANTS AND BUSINESS DIRECTORY

HAWAII'S GREATEST OPPORTUNITY FOR LARGE RETURNS ON SMALL INVESTMENTS

The constant drop of water  
 Wears away the hardest stone;  
 The constant gnaw of Tower  
 Masticates the toughest bone.

The constant, cooling lover  
 Carries off the blushing maid,  
 And the Constant Advertiser  
 Is the one  
 who gets  
 the trade!

## WANTS

See Page 8, NEW TO-DAY, for New Ads.

## SITUATIONS WANTED.

## SPECIAL NOTICES.

## FOR SALE.

Have 5 Houses for sale at Palama; \$600 cash; balance WITHOUT INTEREST at \$10.00 per month.

P. E. R. STRAUCH,

No. 74 S. KING ST. TEL. MAIN 386.

## TO LET.

Furnished Rooms.—Housekeeping allowed; cool and mosquito-proof. Alakea House, Alakea St. bet. Hotel and King. 2265-tf

4-room cottage, sanitary plumbing, on River St. Apply J. W. Podmore, King and Bethel. 2793-tf

Large front room, furnished. Inquire 276 Beretania St. opposite Hawaiian Hotel. 2923-1w

Newly furnished rooms, all modern conveniences. At No. 84 Vineyard St. 2728-tf

4-room cottage, No. 423 Kuakini St. Apply J. W. Podmore, Bethel St. 2894-tf

Two front mosquito-proof rooms at 777 Kinnaird St. near Alapai. 2915-1m

Furnished rooms at 1223 Emma Street. Mrs. McConnell. 2563

## ROOM AND BOARD.

One large mosquito-proof room with board in private family; suitable for man and wife or single person; electric lights, hot and cold water; cars pass the door, etc. Address M. B. Bulletin office. 2921-1w

## FOUND.

A bicycle in front of New England Bakery. Owner can have it by proving property and paying expenses. 2914-tf

Gentleman who exchanged hats at Masonic Temple Friday night can find his hat by applying at this office. 2908-tf

## FERTILIZATION, HANDLING

(Continued from Page 3.)

cents per ton of cane; plantations on Kauai average 29.24 cents per tons of cane; plantations on Maui average 18.59 cents per ton of cane; plantations on Hawaii average 18.69 cents per ton of cane.

There is apparently a respectable margin in favor of loading by machine loader. Your committee is, however, inclined to believe that, possibly, the plantations on Maui and Hawaii have not put down all that might be charged to loading as have those on Oahu and Kauai. Moreover, the figures given for Oahu and Kauai represent thirteen estimates as against four estimates on Maui and Hawaii. From these figures it may be safely assumed that, after all, loading by manual labor is not always as profitable as appears on the surface. And if we are loading for say 17 cents a ton by contract it is generally 17 cents, and something more.

(3) Loading machines do not go on a strike, neither do they require a picked body of men to lift the cane from the ground to the top of the car. The machine does the lifting, and in either the Wilson-Webster or the Greig loader any one, even a boy, can place the cane in slings or in the "boat" sled. And they not only do not require picked men, but they require less men, picked or otherwise, which is always a marked advantage.

Both of the tests referred to were carried out on the Ewa Plantation, whose flat lands gave very favorable opportunity to the machines. In a hilly country like results might not have been realized. Under these latter conditions it will be necessary to have loaders to suit local requirements. The point that your committee wishes to emphasize is merely this:—the necessity for abolishing, as far as possible, the heavy labor of handling and loading cane, and the necessity that each plantation meet its own requirements in this line.

Walakea Plantation has its loading machines which, from all accounts, are giving satisfaction. Kukui Plantation has improved its trolley system to suit its needs. Ewa Plantation Co. has ordered three of the Wilson-Webster loaders for use in 1905. Honolulu Plantation Co. has, we understand, tried several machines. Leaders and is at work on another.

## SHORT STORY FOR EVENING HOURS

## OUT OF THE EAST.

The punkah (mechanical fan) groaned and wheezed dimly overhead, and its scant breeze scarcely served to rattle the tangled hair of the big American who tossed restlessly on the long bamboo chair, and though of the land where they had such things as snow and ice.

"Confound India," he exclaimed, starting up. "I thought the Philippines were bad enough, but India's ten times worse. After three years' hiking round Luzon I came over here to rest. Whew! Talk about jumping out of the frying pan into the fire—maybe that wasn't what I did."

The American was Lieutenant Charles Freeman of the 17th United States Cavalry. After three years of chasing the little brown men in the Philippines he had decided to take a part of his twelve months' furlough in India before going back to the "States," yet he did not propose to spend much time wandering about the east.

As he gazed at the smoke wreathing up from his clear he thought of the sleepy little town in Ohio, where a little brown-eyed girl was waiting for him. Loyally and patiently had she waited for her soldier. Dear, precious, little Lucy.

The punkah began to wheeze again over his head, and Freeman's thoughts came back to India. He sighed and looked across the baked white sands on which heat rays were dancing jubilantly. Beyond the palm trees the sun was setting in a sky full of golden and purple glory.

"Oh, why didn't I hurry straight home?" said Freeman to himself. "Why did I ever stop before I was by her side again? I've wasted all the time I'm going to. The first boat out of this cursed place finds me locked in a cabin. But what sort of a tramp is that?"

In front of the bungalow stood a tall stout India fakir dressed in rags. A pouch swung from his shoulders, and he carried a long cane. His straggling white beard came down almost to his waist and his ferret-like eyes were left Freeman's face. He belonged to that peripatetic class of natives who, under pretence of religious motives, prey upon the credulity of the superstitious. When the fakir attracted Freeman's attention he saluted before him.

"Well, what do you want?" asked Freeman abruptly. He didn't relish having his dreams cut short by such a disreputable looking being.

"It is for the heavenborn to command," answered the visitor in a deep, guttural voice. "Thou, O sahib, art my father and my mother."

"Well," interrupted Freeman, puffing on his cigar, "the heavenborn want you to cut out that nonsense. If I were your father and mother I would make you hunt up some soap and a bathtub and use them. Who are you and what do you want here?"

The native lifted his staff and pointed at the declining sun.

"From east to west, from Benares and the great river, from the hills and the plains, from the banks of Mother Ganga even to the Vindhya have I traveled, and the spirit of the Lord of the earth dwells over all the country."

"But there is famine in the air, and pestilence, and many signs of things to be."

Freeman closed his eyes as if bored. He had heard this speech so many times he felt he could repeat it backward.

"If that is all you've got to say," he said, "the heavenborn want you to beat out. Hike. Understand?"

"These matters affect not the sahib," proceeded the man, slowly, "for he departs to his own lands, and even now his thoughts have preceded him thither."

"A good guess," answered Freeman, "but what of it? Anybody with sense might do the same thing. It's about as brilliant a performance as telling me I have shoes on my feet and am smoking. I can guess as well as you can. That pouch swinging at your side is empty. The sahib who sits before you is expected to put a few annas into it. Oh, I know your kind. You're wasting time with me."

"The sahib is wise," murmured the native. "He is also kind, and he would put a few annas into the empty pouch did he but know how I had need of them. For a few, just a few, annas, could I show him wonders."

"Well, go ahead with your wonders," broke in the Lieutenant, impatiently. "Hurry up, or I'll call one of the servants and have you put off the place."

The native bowed and motioned for his auditor to dismiss the boy working the punkah. Freeman complied, and, with a fresh cigar, leaned back in the chair to watch the fakir. The native stuck his staff into the ground. He

uttered an incantation and waved his hands back and forth over the top of the stick. The spectator, curiously watching the cane, saw little green shoots appear near the top of the staff. The shoots sprouted a little and stopped their growth. The fakir picked up his staff. It appeared as if it did at first. The American nodded his head indifferently.

"Oh, that trick I've seen a dozen times. Is that all you can do?"

"The sahib is wise," observed the fakir, "and, as he says, the wallet I carry is empty. It is true I would that he put something in it. Is the sahib sure that the wallet is empty?"

He detached the wallet from his side and handed it to Freeman, who took the thing with repugnance. "Yes," he said, "it is empty, as I told you." Even as he spoke he felt a sensation as of something moving and swelling within the pouch.

"Another of your tricks," he ejaculated in surprise. "There is something in your wallet after all."

"The sahib speaks truth," replied the fakir. "Will he open the wallet and see for himself?"

Freeman raised the flap of the wallet. A snarling head popped out. A cat jumped from the bag and ran out of sight under the bungalow.

The fakir looked gravely at Freeman.

"The sahib has seen."

The Lieutenant slowly recovered his composure. "A child's trick," he commented. "If the boy who pulls the string of the punkah over my head could not do better I would have him whipped. A coolie could hide a cat in a bag. Go away. You're a nuisance."

"Thy servant," protested the native, "is not a coolie. Strange and wonderful things can be done. Ask, sahib, whatsoever thou pleasest, and that I will perform. In my heart are the spirits of many mysteries which the eye sees not. Behold, even now beneath the sahib's chair is coiled the deadly cobra, yet the good eyes of the sahib saw it not."

Freeman looked down, and his blood froze in his veins. Under the steamer chair was the hideous Indian cobra with its hood distended and its wicked tongue darting from its mouth. It was the soldier thought it was about to strike at his leg, the native, catching it by the neck, flung it far out on the sandy yard.

"That's a trick you needn't mind repeating," warned Freeman, angrily. "If that snake had bitten me I would have shot you before I died."

"I would not have suffered the snake to bite the heavenborn," answered the fakir simply. "The sahib dared me to perform a wonder. Did I not do so?"

"If you are not a common juggler, show me the things that are hidden from human eyes," asked Freeman again. "I don't care for these tricks. They're amusing only to children."

The fakir's eyes flashed. Taking a saucer from his own gown he placed it on the veranda. From a glass of water standing on a table he filled the saucer half full of the clear liquid. Then he poured a white powder into the saucer. "Look," he said.

Freeman fixed his eyes on the water. He saw it change to an inky blackness. Presently he was conscious of a light ripple on the surface and then the water gradually took on shifting, changing colors. Still he looked and a picture clear and distinct grew out of the dark liquid and assumed shape. He saw the interior of a smoking compartment of an American sleeping car. It was night and the lights were burning. Next the window sat a portly man of 50 years. The man was smooth-shaven and wore a silk hat. He was reading a paper and something he read caused him to smile.

In the corner of the other compartment sat a tall, thin young man in a light gray suit and cap. The young man had a little mustache, which he continually stroked. A third passenger was in the compartment, and Freeman saw it was himself. He saw the young man take a package of cigarettes and light one. Then Freeman saw it was himself standing and saying something in an excited tone. The older man tried to quiet him, while the younger man looked much concerned. Suddenly the Lieutenant saw himself jump toward the bell rope and jerk it vigorously again and again. Then the picture faded.

Freeman suddenly realized he was sitting in front of a bungalow in India and that the fakir was bowing low before him. "Oh, that was a good piece of hypnotism," he said, angry at himself. "Here, take these two rupees and go."

The fakir murmured his thanks and walked slowly away.

Freeman was home again. He felt like shouting for joy as the train thundered along taking him every moment nearer to the little girl waiting for him in Ohio. All day long he looked out of the window at the ever changing landscape, thinking only of the meeting awaiting him at his journey's end. After dinner he took one of the fat, black cigars from India and went into the smoking compartment of the sleep-

ing car on which he was riding. For a long time he puffed contentedly while he scanned the evening papers.

Suddenly he looked up and his eyes suddenly fell on a portly man, smooth-shaven, who sat next the window. He was wearing a silk hat, and his appearance seemed strangely familiar.

The man saw something in the paper that amused him, for he smiled and chuckled. Freeman sat staring at him as though transfixed. Where had he seen that man before? Then the hot, sandy plains of India came back to him. Again he saw the bungalow, with the gaunt, tall fakir in front of him. He whirled around and fastened his eyes on the other man in the compartment.

The latter was young and wore a light gray suit. He had a little mustache, which he stroked incessantly. Freeman felt his brain reeling. What did it all mean? As he stared at the young man the latter reached in his pocket, and, taking out a package of cigarettes, drew one out and held it match to it.

Before he was aware what he was doing, Freeman had jumped to his feet. "We must stop the train," he almost shrieked. "There is danger before us. Stop the train, I say!"

"Why, why?" gasped the elder man by the window. "What is the matter? Come sit down, and be calm." He plainly thought Freeman was crazy, an opinion that seemed to be shared by the younger man.

"Stop the train!" gasped the Lieutenant. Darting up, he seized the bell cord and jerked it again and again. The train came to a stop so suddenly that Freeman and the other two passengers were thrown into a corner. The elder man was spluttering with wrath as he scrambled to his feet. The conductor and a porter came rushing in, demanding who had pulled the bell rope.

"He did," shouted the old man, who had sat by the window. "He must be crazy."

Freeman was trembling violently. "I stopped the train," he said. "I hardly know why. I had a presentiment something was wrong."

The conductor, purple with rage, dashed out of the compartment to order the engineer to proceed, when the engineer hurried into the car with a farmer carrying a lantern.

"I was afraid I'd be too late," panted the farmer. "I don't see how you got my signal as 'twas. The bridge is down the other side of the curve, and I thought you were going straight into the river. How in the world did you come to stop that sudden like?"

Everybody was now staring at Freeman. "I stopped the train," said the Lieutenant finally. "well, because I heard about this out in India."—George Brooks in New York News.

## Cultivation of Cane

## Leaf Hopper Influence

The discussion at the Planters' meeting yesterday on cultivation as affected by the leaf hopper called out a diversity of opinions, showing the infinite variety of conditions on the different island plantations.

Renton of Ewa returned to the leaf hopper. He said he did not believe the condition of the cane had anything to do with resisting the leaf hopper. Its all in the size of the cane. If the cane is big enough when the leaf hopper appears, the damage will be slight. Fertilizing should therefore be done in fall as well as spring. Keep cane growing as rapidly as possible.

Fairchild said they would be all right on Kauai if they could have cane 4 to 5 feet high by January 1, but 2 to 3 feet was the best their soil would do.

Whether to strip or not to strip cane was an interesting question. Fairchild said they found the leaf hopper would attack newly stripped cane and by puncturing the tender stalk inflict great damage.

It was generally conceded that the leaf hopper upset all theories of cultivation. Those who believed in not stripping to resist the leaf hopper agreed that to allow the leaf to remain caused greater ravages by the borer.

Jas. Gibb of Paauhau said if cane can be stripped prior to the advent of the hopper well and good, but if stripped while the hopper is present in force 50 per cent. more damage results.

One curious result of a leaf hopper raid was mentioned by Mr. Fairchild. He had noticed that ordinarily the borer enters a cane stalk, bore upward a joint or two and then comes out. In a stalk attacked by the leaf hopper the borer goes through to the top, killing the plant.

J. T. Moir said he had found that the leaf hopper does business the year round. At Onomea they strip the cane to kill the leaf hopper. He said the hopper delights in attacking the mid-rib of the leaf. Therefore they strip. Last year at Onomea, Mr. Moir had a 26-acre field well up mauka so lousy with hoppers that he was on the point of plowing it up or burning it. He went into the field one day and dis-

## BUSINESS DIRECTORY

## BALLASTING.

Hawaiian-Japanese Ballasting Co. — Best black sand from \$3 to \$8 a load according to distance hauled. Coral rocks for stable, roads and sidewalks. Third door below King, Maunakea St.; P. O. box 830. Telephone Main 396.

## CLEANING AND DYEING.

T. Hayashi—Clothes cleaned, repaired and dyed. 537 Beretania St.

## MESSAGE.

J. Ochial, removed to Beretania St. near Maunakea. 2831

## MESSENGERS.

Territorial Messenger Service—Union St. near Hotel; Tel. 361 Math.

## MUSIC.

Mr. Jas. Sheridan has opened a repairing shop at 1168 Miller St. cor Beretania. Charges reasonable. A number of second-hand pianos in good condition, cheap. Orders may be left at Haw'n. News Co.

The Weekly Edition of the Evening Bulletin gives a complete summary of the news of the day.

"For Sale" cards at Bulletin office.

## SPORTS

## JEFFRIES MAN OF CENTURY.

Once in a century, says Robert Carter in the New York American, Nature, to show what she can do, builds a man like Jeffries.

In him are combined all the marvelous physical attributes usually scattered among numbers. Weight, height, reach, enormous strength, are all his. And then that other thing, necessary to the fighter, that we call "heart," very wisely, too, for it is literally true that a sound heart makes a man courageous, and a weak heart cowardly.

Jeffries has never been "extended." Never in all his fighting has he been forced to rally the reserves of his giant frame. It is a question whether he ever struck a man as hard as he could.

"Give me a ten-minute round and I will whip any man living," said he, and there is not the slightest question of his ability to do so. The man who will exchange blows with Jeffries is a beaten fighter. It is simply play for him to beat the rest of the heavyweights. If they stay more than five rounds or so it is merely on sufferance.

Jeffries has never been aroused to that desperation which makes men fight their best. The savage spirit always shown by such fire eaters as John L. Sullivan and Terry McGovern is altogether lacking in Jeffries. He is not in the true sense aggressive. He takes no pleasure in hurting his man.

Put this giant into the ring under London prize rules with no rounds with Fitzsimmons, Sharkey and Corbett, not separately, but all together, and we would see this marvelous fighting machine—this 250 pounds of brawn and sinew, and heart and brain, working at the extreme limit of its powers. Let Jeffries be really hurt; knocked down and bleeding from crushing blows, and that latent savagery, the real primeval rage, would transform the placid giant. They might beat him, knock him out with showers of blows from every side, but the man who got one of his sledgehammer knocks on a vital spot would do no more fighting that evening, and at least two of the three would be out when the end came.

## HOODOO HORSE.

New York, Oct. 14.—Hamburg, which brought \$70,000 at the sale of W. C. Whitney's empire stud, at Madison Square Garden, will go down in the chronicles of horse breeders as the "Fatal Horse."

James B. Hagin had long regarded the horse as the one standing rival of his own Water Cress, at Rancho Del Paso, and came into Madison Square Garden intent upon purchasing the son of Hanover at any price. Why he changed his mind hangs the story.

As the brilliant galaxy of famous personages sat about the ring a friend of Mr. Hagin's made the remark: "Did you ever stop to think, Mr. Hagin, of how peculiar it was that Mr. Kitson died while he was the owner of Hamburg, and that then came Marcus Daly's demise while the horse stood in his ownership, and now we here have Hamburg, the property of another deceased turfman—W. C. Whitney?"

The white haired master of Elmendorf bowed low, apparently in deep meditation.

A moment later Harry Payne Whitney opened the game with a bid of \$50,000 for Hamburg. James R. King came back with "\$60,000."

Eyes shifted toward Mr. Hagin, but the man who had come to Madison Square Garden with the avowed purpose of purchasing the horse, was not in the bidding. "I guess the old gentleman is not going to take any chances with a hoodoo horse," was the remark of a friend.

And so it would seem.

Blank books of all sorts, ledgers, etc., manufactured by the Bulletin Publishing Company.

## PASSENGERS DEPARTED.

For Vancouver, per S. S. Monna, Nov. 16.—E. R. Folsom and wife, Mrs. Andrew Brown, Miss Mabel A. Phillips, Miss M. Cash, Mr. Delling, Mr. and Mrs. Weston.

For the Colonies, per S. S. Sierra, Nov. 16.—Mrs. L. de L. Ward, E. G. Duisenberg, Richard Isenberg, G. Kunst.

For the Orient, per S. S. Doric, Nov. 16.—Mr. Chan, wife and servant, Shioda, Ichizaki.

## BERKELEY LOSES STROUD.

Berkeley, Oct. 24.—Ben Stroud, captain of the University of California football team, dropped out of the squad this afternoon to go to the Eastbay Sanatorium in Oakland to be operated upon for an abscess forming behind his right ear. The unfortunate center rush will be confined to his bed for a number of days, pending the result of the physician's work, and there is grave doubt whether the big fellow will be allowed to play with his team in the intercollegiate struggle with Stanford, now only nineteen days away.

## FULL OF GOOD THINGS.

A SIXTEEN-PAGE paper, with DOOLEY'S last word to voters, the COMIC SUPPLEMENT, good stories, the Business Man's Handy Index, Social News, and ALL the news of the day. Be sure you get SATURDAY'S BULLETIN!

## ROTHWELL TO FIGHT WHITE.

New York, Oct. 18.—"Young Corbett" and Jabez White, the English lightweight champion, were matched to fight to meet the first week in January for \$5000 a side. The men will weigh in at 135 pounds, ringside. The exact date and place of the fight will be decided later, but the club offering the best inducements will secure the match, it is announced.

Do you notice that we cater to all the successful receptions, parties, banquets, etc. Elite Ice Cream Parlors. Telephone 132 Main.